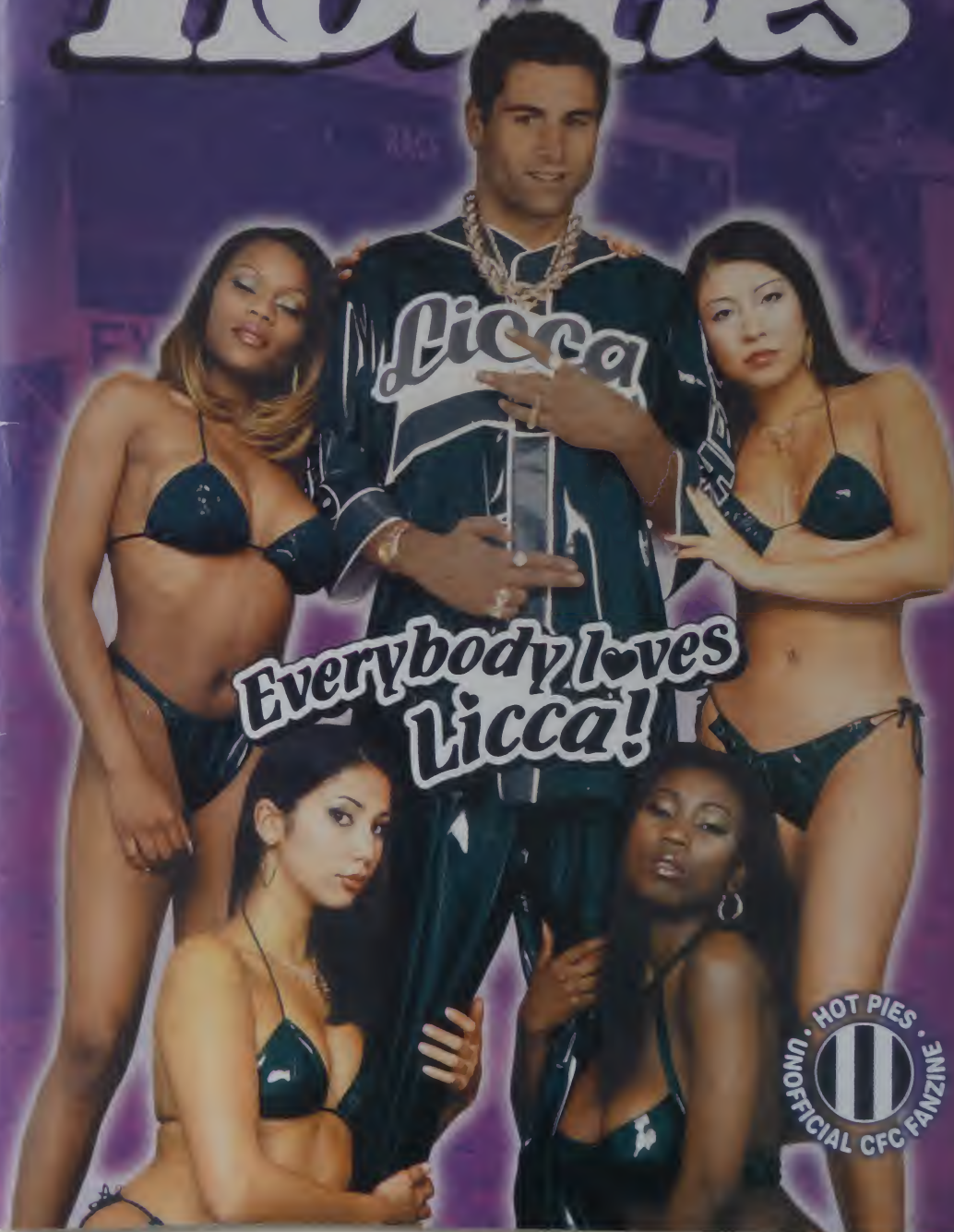


Edition 11
August 2002

Hot Pies



Everybody loves
Licca!



This is your last chance – you're scaring the little kids – take the sequined reg grundies off NOW!

But officer, Eddie loves 'em!

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Hot Pies

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Finals edition

There will be one, so look out for us

DISCLAIMER

If you think that farting isn't funny then best you stop reading now. Hot Pies is a satirical fanzine put together by a group of Collingwood supporters who believe that there no such thing as too much Collingwood news.

Hot Pies is here to answer Collingwood supporters thirst for Collingwood stuff, even if it means making things up and crapping on and on and on.

We spout our baseless opinions to anyone who'll listen in the vein attempt to amuse ourselves and other like-minded supporters.

If you take things literally, are easily offended or hard to amuse then Hot Pies is not for you.

The big brains at the Collingwood Football Club have no involvement in the content of Hot Pies whatsoever, but rumour has it that Swannie secretly reads it in the Level 3 executive bogger.

We hope you enjoy Hot Pies in the spirit in which it is intended. Carn Pies

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Bucks marvels at Burnsy's one-eyed approach to training.

Fashion Up-Date!

Not only is he dashing and daring on field, he's also setting the fashion pace off the ground as well. While most players are caught up in the 'oh-so 99' men in lycra tights look, Ben Johnson is leading the pack in urban chic (or is it chique?) with the revival of the 'baggy bog-catchers tucked into the socks' look. As the fashion moguls of Paris and France re-invent boganesque, BJ is living it in 3D VistaVision. Keep up the good work Benny!



Whose tat is that, is back!

Just when we thought all was lost and today's champions were too image conscious to get "ink", someone makes us think again. Can you guess which black and white hero sports this impressive jobbie on his upper, upper, upper thigh?



Scandal at Vicky Park

When it comes to airing rumours Hot Pies is one media outlet which is not afraid to name names, and this month Collingwood's James Clement has got some explaining to do. Rumour as fact has it that our gutsy half back flanker has been spotted driving around Melbourne in a late model Toyota Corolla. There can be no excuse for being seen driving what can only be described as a nurse's car. Lift your game son!



Real men don't drive Corollas!

Stoopid Question Time again

Yes that's right folks, it's almost that time again when Hot Pies attempts to ask the most stupid question at the Collingwood Annual General Meeting. We were pipped at the post last year by Stevie Main and the Taliban question, so if you think you can beat last years effort of 'If Eddie is the Fonz of the Collingwood Board then which one of you guys is Ralph Malph and which one is Potsie' then drop us line here at hotpies@vicnet.net.au and play your part in the most democratic of all football clubs.

Like Eddie says, 'there's room for everyone at Collingwood', even idjits like us.

Attention: Hot Pies Shoppers!

Do you know if the rumours about The Stunner are true?

Do you think Jason Wild deserved the last pine-warmer spot in the Team of the Century?

Or are you planning a Grand Final Day Hot Tub Party and you just want to spread the word to ensure a good turn out.

If you've got a dodgy mole or anything else you need to off your chest, then drop us a line,

hotpies@vicnet.net.au or
Hot Pies, PO Box 6046, Collingwood 3066

TERMITES AGM

Richmond members discuss the club's woes over a few quiet ales. Hot topics included, Richo's dummy-spit, Knighta's arseing and that old chestnut - lets sack the coach! But it's with pleasure we can announce...

TERMITE OF THE MONTH

He beat a large field but hats off to this loyal Tiger fan for redefining the term "supporter" with this barb found in the Hun's 50/50. Sorry pal, but when your football strategy was to recruit Tony Shaw's assistant coach is it really surprising you're struggling?

WANTED: 22 footballers to play AFL and not to be overpaid. For sale: 22 footballers, better suited for netball. Apply Richmond Football Club. Enough is enough.
Peter Olvan, Caylesford

BIZARRE LOVE TRIANGLE DENIAL

Classy midfielder Shane O'Bree has denied shaving his beard in response to rumours he'd been stalked by an ex-pollie with a penchant for hairy men. It is thought that the pollie mistook Obie for her lover. The photos below are purely examples but show how easy it is to confuse men with beards as they look so alike. Carl Steinfort has so far steadfastly refused to comment on the issue.



O'Bree lookalike



Polly



O'Bree

CONFESSIONS OF A LOLLYPOP LADY

Scenes reminiscent of when the Beatles hit Melbourne in the 1960's are a part of everyday life for teenage heart-throb, Mark 'Manchild' McGough, as he attempts to complete his VCE at Northcote High.

In an exclusive investigative report, 'Hot Pies' has the inside sauce on the cummings and goings of undoubtedly the coolest kid at school. Here's just a few tasty tit bits we've been able to dig up.

In an exclusive interview the Northcote High School cleaner has told Hot Pies: "I've seen him around a couple of times, I don't know him but he does get his name called out a lot of the school PA."

The enigma goes further, explains the Northcote High 'lollypop lady'. "He used to get picked up and dropped by taxi all the time, but now he's got a daggy Magna."

Stay tuned for more outrageous explosive confessions from those who know Mark best when we grill his childhood orthodontist from Mulwala.



DON'T CALL ME BEDDERS

This is a quick shoutout to our number one, number one, Leon Davis. I refer to the last edition of 'In Black & White', where Leon said he'd prefer to be called Majic rather than Neon.

The message is; Leon you can't choose your own nickname, it is something that is thrust upon you.

Years ago I got the nickname 'Bedshitter' after a scout camp jamboree sleep-out which went horribly wrong.

That was 27 years ago but Bedshitter has stuck with me ever since. These days my friends just call me Bedders, but either way it stinks.

If you got to choose your own nickname, it would then be an alias and besides Neon rhymes with Leon and it's easier to chant than Majic.

Furthermore if you persist on wearing those sensational white boots the Neon link becomes even stronger as you continue to razzle dazzle us with your own special brand of football MAJIC.

Bedders, Brighton

NOT HAPPY

Dear Hot Pies,

I think it is worth noting that whilst he hasn't had a run for a while, Scott Cummings has been doing some special comments work on radio.

That's right I've seen Cummings in the booth at the MCG. Whilst it's not the first time Cummings has been noticed in the booth, it's never been an integral part of the commentary before.

Readers of last months article 'Cummings all over the place' will notice that Cummings in the box was predicted earlier this year. It is also something that I hole heartedly support

We should all get behind Cummings and if I have my way we should look forward to Cummings more often.

Dirty Sanchez, email

KEEP IT UP

Hey guys, loved the last edition, good to see you're still full of it. I think you guys are the greatest thing to happen to footy since Wes Fellowes' mo! Keep up the good work. Go Pies. Us, Here

COCKTAILS

Dear Hot Pies,

I would like to complain about the misleading promotion regarding the Collingwood members evening at Crown Casino.

The invitation stated quite clearly that it was to be a 'Black Tie Cock tail Evening' and I went to significant lengths to comply with the dress code regulations.

Imagine my surprise upon being evicted from the complex for indecent exposure when I arrived in my crotchless Anthony Squires tuxedo.

Like many Collingwood members I had never been to a cocktail party before. Perhaps these things should be explained p-r-o-p-e-r-l-y to members beforehand.

Sly Wobblyjobs, Clifton Hill.

CALL ME

Eddie this is your second and last warning, call me. J.C., Heaven

NUDE-ING UP

Dear Hot Pies,

What do the Naked Chef and Carlton have in common? They both look great holding a wooden spoon.

Luverly Dubberly, Brunswick

JUSTIN WHO?

Dear Hot Pies

I just so happen to be in the same physics class as Justin Crow's sister (I also support the Pies ... that's a given).

I was wondering if there is any chance of you digging up some dirt on Justin and printing it in the next edition of Hot Pies magazine. It would be good if you did. Cheers.

Pleading, Kew

EDS: We at Hot Pies never research anything, so how about you get off your lazy unemployed bummin off your folks pimply-arse and make something up yourself so you can show his sister and maybe, just maybe, you'll get into her knickers.

NQR

Dear Hot Pies,

The gloves are off. Recently I applied to you for a job retailing, selling, distributing (i.e. getting rid of Hot Pies for money). I, however, received no reply to my email. This email was placed at great inconvenience to me.

I had to register for the disability pension, suck up to the Salvos and nominate a possible work provider. You bastards were it..

I am ready to join the cartel of Liam, Andrew, Liam's other mate plus Sim's sister, however, if I have to sell pirated or stolen copies of Hot Pies I shall !!

Sincerely,

S. McDermott

P.S. I am currently being headhunted by The Big Issue.

CONFLICT OF SCHMINTEREST

Dear Hot Pies,

With reference to your June 2002 edition of Hot Pies. On reading the article by B. McAuliffe regarding conflict of interest, followed by the Joker's analysis, two questions come to mind:

1) Is B. McAuliffe really E. McGuire. In which case your whole publication is compromised and nothing more than one big fat conflict of interest. Or,

2) Are B.McAuliffe, Joker and the rest of the producers of this magazine really bankrolled by E. McGuire. In which case there's another big fat conflict of interests?

On a final point. What is it with Collingwood, E.McGuire, Hot Pies and Conflict of Interest? Can we lay these things to rest, there are more important things to think about, such as Big Jack, the Blues, Tim Lane and Spoons.

Thanks,

Friend of Tim

Crap Poem of the Month

A FIRST LOVE

Bigwigs squabble over Vicky Park's fate,
Bickering over her use-by-date,
The sun is setting on our beloved ground,
No more the beautiful black & white sound,
Seems our future lies at Olympic Park,
But my heart is breaking for Vicky Park.

by LESLEY

THIS MONTH HOT PIES WENT INTO THE NIGHT AND ASKED THE DARK QUESTION:

What Collingwood hero would you most like to hang out with?



I'd give my right arm to have dinner with Didak in his Dick-Dacks.
Tracy



...that's right, a large pepperoni to the left point post...
Tumor Man



I want Rupert to whisk me away from this hot chip hell-hole.
Tracy II



I don't barrack for the Pies, I'm a professional pain in the arse.
Raffle Ticket Guy



I find as personalities they're a little immature and juvenile.
Little Johnny



I wanna watch stick movies at Richo's with my wood here.
JT



Stoopid looking hat

\$120

Stoopid looking ears

Free at birth

Stoopid looking hairstyle

\$120

Being a part of the so-called 'best team ever' then missing the finals and being exposed as a bunch of overpaid, under-achieving, whingeing sheilas

Priceless

LosersCard

*There are some things money can't buy
For everything else there's LosersCard*

Everybody loves Licca!

Even before he shot to international fame as the winner of last year's Copeland Medal, Paul Licuria was arguably one of Collingwood's most popular players.

Paul's courageous and tenacious brand of football has won him a legion of fans, both on and off the field. Licca's exploits are set to become the stuff of legend for years to come.

Hot Pies readers beg for Licca all the time and now these requests are being answered.

In this edition of Hot Pies, Dirty Sanchez explores, celebrates and salutes the reigning Copeland Medallist with his own special tribute. This is the double spread that lovers of Licca have been hanging out for.

The script to the football career of Paul Licuria seems like something from a Collywood love story. Originating from the northern suburbs of Melbourne,

Licca had to spend two years in "gay Paris" ... I mean Sydney ... before he got the chance to play for the Pies.

Fortunately Paul left Sydney in 98 when someone told him they needed some Licca down South.

Paul emanates from a strong family upbringing with a proud Spanish heritage. Many people might be surprised to learn that Licca is Bi.....Lingual. He can speak both Spanish and Australian! He is indeed a cunning linguist.

At the height of his powers and respected throughout the competition, Licca takes a lot of licking, and he won't take it lying down. It hasn't been easy for Licca to get to the position he's in.

Licca has overcome great adversity along the way. He underwent two knee reconstructions before he played a game at AFL level.

That's right, Licca went down on his knees before he lobbed at Victoria Park. Since overcoming these setbacks there's been no stopping him. He's one persistent Licca.

"So where should we play the Licca?" I hear you ask. Not to the left of the action, not to the right of the action, but right up the middle where Licca belongs.

Paul's courageous running to assist team mates and provide options is greatly appreciated. When the boys

by Dirty Sanchez



Happy Man: Licca after last years Copeland

want to get it off by hand, Licca often gets involved. While he's a noted 'tagger', he can also have a great impact on the outcome of a game. Licca burrows in, does a job on an opponent and grabs each game by the ears.

He's been universally acclaimed as a great clubman. In the pressure cooker environment of finals football, it's important to have high quality people involved.

No matter how tight the hole the team finds itself in, you know that Licca will come up smiling!!

He might look pretty but he's one tuff nut who enjoys dishing it out. But he can take it as well.

Licca has copped many blows in the face. He has the scars to prove it. Despite this, he still isn't afraid to get right in there and do whatever it takes to pull it off.

Licca's the type of player who can perform in any situation. No matter if it's wet or dry, Licca'll make a fist of the situation.

Supercoach Mick Malthouse is a big fan of Licca - and who can blame him! There's a lot to like about the way Paul Licuria goes about playing footy. Let's hope we cop good Licca for many years to come.

No.		Born	Height	Weight	Games
1	Leon Davis	17/6/81	178	75	33
2	Damien Adkins	9/03/81	179	75	19
3	Mark Richardson	31/10/72	196	99	132
4	Alan Didak	15/2/83	182	84	5
5	Nathan Buckley	26/07/72	186	89	183
6	Brodie Holland	3/1/80	180	80	57
7	Jarrold Molloy	12/5/76	189	99	142
8	James Clement	4/9/76	190	94	104
9	Glenn Freeborn	06/02/73	183	83	112
10	Rupert Betheras	23/11/75	181	86	52
11	Shane O'Bree	15/3/79	180	82	63
12	Steve McKee	20/6/78	199	102	41
13	Richard Cole	15/7/83	182	75	—
14	Shane Wakelin	12/8/74	191	94	115
15	Carl Steinfort	1/4/77	191	87	83
16	Tom Davidson	3/2/83	192	80	—
17	Scott Burns	23/12/74	181	82	113
18	Paul Licuria	07/02/73	179	86	67
19	Nick Davis	30/03/80	178	85	33
20	Chris Tarrant	18/12/80	192	91	65
21	Chad Rintoul	31/7/74	180	86	73
22	Rhyce Shaw	16/10/81	180	80	4
23	Anthony Rocca	15/08/77	195	104	118
24	Tarkyn Lockyer	30/10/77	178	79	56
25	Josh Fraser	5/1/82	202	95	42
26	Ben Johnson	5/4/81	178	84	30
27	Mark McGough	22/6/84	186	82	—
28	Ben Kinnear	27/2/79	193	98	37
29	Heath Scotland	21/07/80	181	81	24
30	Guy Richards	21/3/83	200	89	—
31	Andrew Dimmatinna	9/11/77	183	89	26
32	Scott Cummings	18/1/74	194	105	123
33	Tyson Lane	25/08/76	183	86	61
34	Jason Cloke	6/5/82	189	93	—
35	Simon Prestigiacomo	31/01/78	193	97	90
36	Dane Swan	25/2/84	183	75	—
37	Ryan Lonie	4/3/83	190	90	21
38	Tristen Walker	11/4/84	194	93	—
39	James Podsiadly	10/9/81	192	96	—
40	Justin Crow	16/7/83	196	80	—
41	Andrew J. Hill	6/9/79	183	83	—
43	Mark Dubyna	9/12/83	186	79	—
44	Andrew R. Hill	23/6/81	188	91	1
45	Leith Teakle	28/7/83	178	74	—



Where did it all go right?

Rebuilding. It was a handy throw-away excuse for Magpie failure just a few years ago. Not many of us could have predicted it would be such a spectacular success.

The eight-year wait is over. September beckons. But how did it all turn-around? I put it down to the four C's – cattle, club, coach and captain.

THE CATTLE

When Eddie took on the presidency, back in the 20th Century, there were players on our list by the names of Tape, Venables and Fuller.

Who? ...My point exactly.

And with hindsight, it's easy to see that the cattle crisis of '99 didn't finish there. The playing list was polluted by a bunch of other hacks, rejects and do-nothing passengers. Lee Walker (don't get me started). Ricky Olarens Shaw. Brent Tuckey. James Wasley.

Thankfully, the tough decisions were made. So much so, that this Party Pie list we enjoy today includes just 12 names that were on the '99 list. And of those 12, six of them were fresh recruits in '99 – Licuria, Betheras, Tarrant, Adkins, Lockyer and Nick Davis.

That means, since the dawn of the millennium, we've introduced 25 new players to a list of just 37. And, what's more, the Y2K-compliant Magpies reads like a rising star nomination sheet – Leon Davis, Didak, Fraser, Lonie, Johnson, McGough, Cloke and Cole.

Credit, as always, has to go to the huge brain and uncanny vision of recruiter Noel Judkins.

Add to the mix some cleverly recycled class acts in Molloy, Clement, O'Bree, Holland, McKee and Wakelin and you've got the vital ingredients of resolve, desire and hardness.

The other characteristic of our current playing list is its evenness. You don't see any of these names sitting at the top of media awards. Our Best-on-Ground lists are a merry-go-round. You can almost hear the players yelling, "you have a turn".

THE CLUB

If instability has been a blessing for the playing list during the rebuilding period, the exact opposite seems to have done wonders for the club's administration.

Stability is helped undoubtedly by the club's new-found capacity for attracting the folding stuff.

Dollars – and lots of them – are flowing in from sponsors enamoured with Ed's ability to cross-promote their brand or product on The Footy Show. It's called "leveraging" your sponsorship and Everywhere-Eddie is better at it than anyone.

Eddie has now tied his future at the club to that of coach Mick and CEO Greg Swann. This is apparently written into their contracts – if one of them goes, they all go. It's a way of ensuring stability and giving the coaching staff a genuine opportunity (over years, not weeks) to implement the team plan.

THE COACH

Mick. What more can you say? A hard-nut with brains. A great judge of character, a tactician and someone who's stated ambition is to introduce a 'winning culture' that didn't exist previously.

THE CAPTAIN

No more abusing team-mates and carrying-on like Matty Richardson. Bucks has become a leader, complete with sacrificial acts and pats on the back.

He might be picking up fewer possessions, but he's still hitting his team-mates on the chest with 60-metre-long passes.

And the thing we like most about the 2002 version of Bucks? His team's going to play finals football.

by Paul O'Farrell



THE SPOON!

Collingwood supporters all over Melbourne have been rushing to get their hands on what has become known as 'The Spoon'.

Many readers may recognise 'The Spoon' when it made its national television debut during the Collingwood vs. Carlton shellacking.

While the guardians of 'The Spoon' wish to remain anonymous Hot Pies can reveal some of the mysterious background behind 'The Spoon'.

Spawned from the joy of witnessing Carlton receive their first ever wooden spoon, the giant five foot wooden object has toured Melbourne on a whirlwind journey to the delight of all Collingwood supporters.

'The Spoon' has spent time in Police custody when it was confiscated during the third quarter of the big game. It was asked several questions and was later released without charge.

The caretakers of the powerful wooden totem will hand over the object later this year. It will be kept under lock and key till it finds a permanent home in the yet-to-be-built Collingwood Hall Of Fame at the new Olympic Park Magpie headquarters.

Until then, it will be touring the countryside,

attracting the adoration of thousands wherever it goes. For appearance times and locations check your dailies.

Such is the enigma of The Spoon that some people have even wanted to spend a night with it, as the handwritten account below explains.



I laid eyes on it, I knew I had to have it, to
caress, to adore. I confess, I couldn't help myself
I slept with the Giant Wooden Spoon. So well behaved
it was. It lay there all night, not a move out of place,
as I whispered sweet foxy nothings to it. It may have
blushed, I'm not sure, and it probably lay awake considering
its next move (Uptown) - after all, it had spent the
previous night in Jaffa's bed (definitely Downtown). To bed
with me, just the Spoon and I - a Dream come true.
Such a beautiful thing. And such a long time coming.
But never mind, it came at a joyous occasion, a pure
and deep one. It smudges some of the pain of the
past of the Great Injustices inflicted upon us by
the Silver Spoons. To you, Carlton, get ready to
take your medicine - by the Giant Spoonfull.



Pictured here on a recent visit to Queens Parade, Clifton Hill, 'The Spoon' incites scenes of excitement and random chaos, the likes of which have been unseen since the Sydney 2000 torch relay. Every available inch of the crudely carved hardwood artifact has been inscripted with heart-felt and impassioned messages from Magpie fans; messages full of advice on what Carlton can do with it. Indeed,

Robert "Wallpaper" Walls

Regular readers of this column may have thought that the 'Family Lame' article in the last edition was pretty low, or the semi-literate tirade against Caro was pathetic (if true).

Well stand by for more. In this edition of Hot Pies we are taking a look/swipe at one of the most respected names in the Aussie rules media scene. Who by sheer coincidence might just be the world's most boring man. Robert 'Wallpaper' Walls. Why the nickname 'wallpaper' I hear you ask. For the simple reason that like it or not, want it or not we always seem to be surrounded by wallpaper. And in footy media circles you just can't seem to escape the clutches of Wallsie.

T.V., Cable, radio and print Walls is everywhere and it's not until you pay attention to anything that he has to say that you realise that he hasn't got much to say at all. He has become a part of the useless crap that surrounds our everyday lives.

Just like wallpaper it seems that Walls surround us all. Especially indoors. Yet just like wallpaper do any of us want him around. He is often lauded as one of the greatest football minds ever? Give me a break; let's look at the record. Sure 300 games and two premierships as a player, 400 games and a flag as a coach might sound like he has the credentials, but just like Wallpaper his heyday goes way back to when daryl Somers was hot.

But what is it about him that makes him so annoying. Is it his outlandish outfits and quirky hairstyle. Is it his gregarious and incisive wit, or is it his warm and personable demeanour. No it's none of these, but it might have to do with something else. I know it's his inane restating of commentary. Or in Walls speak. I'm annoyed by the way Wallsie restates commentary. And again in Walls speak.

Have we all been suckered into an aura of false credibility based on a few shonky media awards and an average playing career. Are we expected to think that he know's something about the game just because he's played 200 senior games, coached 300 and been in three Premierships.

Isn't it the fundamental role of a 'so-called' special comments man to make the occasional special

comment. It's why they pay you. To draw attention of a pivotal subtext to the game, to observe and appreciate the game on a tactical level, to provide insights on how the game is being played, how it can be won, how it can be lost etc. Which is why it has me completely lost that anyone believes this guy evens know a thing about the game.

The things is that Wallsie is making a living by stating and then re-stating the stark bleedin' obvious.

Listen to him, whenever he gets asked a question that he has no idea on (which is surprisingly often) he'll 're-state' the question buy himself some time establish

what the majority of public opinion would respond and answer accordingly. His views on football are more mainstream than than Johnny Farnham circa 1993.

What did he learn at Carlton. Sure he messed around talentless hacks the whole time, but one thing he did learn at Carlton is how far a totally misplaced reputation devoid of substance can get you in life.

He coached the Blue to a Premiership, at a time when Jock McHales bootstrap would have

got them over the line. Moved onto Fitzroy and is credited with the most groundbreaking of all modern football techniques. 'The huddle', this bloke's a genius. As we move further along the path that is wallsie Glory, It really starts to get interesting when he moves to Brisbane. Such was the popularity and ability to motivate and lead men they only started playing properly when he told them he was leaving. They made the finals. In a mercenary swoop he lunch cut John Northey at a time when the Tigers were looking alright. Wallsie's special brand of special comments took the Tigers to the bottom half of the ladder for three magnificent years.

It's not just in the looks department that the similarities to Gareth Evans continue, well liked and respected by those around him, No one sees the game and all it's nuances, including Robert. He's a man that oozes personality, not afraid to speak his mind as soon as he finds something to say



The Sweetest Victory

BUCKS' PARTY PIES DEMOLISH THE SPOONHEADS

I don't know about you, but the question plaguing me for weeks had been, can we possibly lose to Carlton TWICE in the year they win their first wooden spoon?

Could we provide that nobjockey John Elliot with some comfort in the year of his inevitable demise? Imagine it! And then of all horrors, could it happen in Buck's 200th game? Could we capitulate in these worst of all circumstances?

Well in my thinking, too right we bloody-well could!

Strangely enough, my Carlton mates weren't that interested in finding out. In unprecedented fashion, they'd all booked themselves up with other 'priority' engagements.

So I found myself heading down to the G alone, my nerves feeling somewhat jittery. As I approached, I felt myself enveloped in the warmth of the Magpie family (I couldn't seem to spot a Blues fan anywhere), and for a short while I could revel in the pre-match euphoria – ahh, the possibilities for the evening!

What pride I felt watching our wonderful boy Bucks, run through the banner. And how my heart ached for us to do the right thing by him for this big one! Unfortunately, that familiar uneasy feeling in the pit of my stomach (first experienced Grand Final day 1970, aged 4 years) was beginning to return...

And then the siren went, and we were off. Right off! Goal after goal, after goal. So many it almost became a blur. I was running out of room in my footy Record scoreboard (on one side), but I didn't care. The crowd

(still no Blues fans had identified themselves) roared, and applauded, and screamed with joy, and laughed at the pathetic efforts of the soft poor-excuse-for-footy-players in Carlton jumpers.

Half-time we all had a sobering good hard look at ourselves. Never count those Blue-baggers out. We weren't that far in front.

As the second half began I felt considerable trepidation, but my fears were quickly dispelled. The Blues didn't

seem to be able to do anything except stand there like witches hats at a training session. A warm glow was starting to flow through me. The wooden spoons began to appear amongst the crowd.

Now we all know Carlton can come back from 10 goals down, but 15?

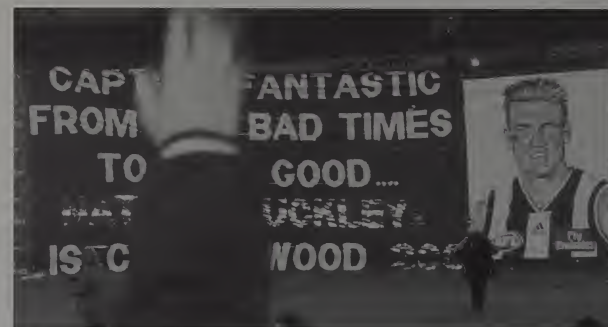
Their chances were

getting slim, but the crowd cried for more, more, MORE!!!! And then we got to 19 GOALS in front. Football heaven. The noise of my Collingwood comrades rang in my ears. And the wooden spoons were raised high.

What a game. What a privilege to be there. Good on you, Bucks. Thank you boys. So many questions answered. So many dreams realised in the course of one evening. Go Pies!

And now my only question is, how did Corey McKernan get hold of that ball at the end? Sure, we did well. But thankfully we still have something more to look forward to next year, as we've still got a winning-over-Carlton record margin to beat.

by The Joker



Put your arm down fella, I'm trying to record history!



carlscumus rectal splinterus: A DIRECT DESCENDANT FROM CARLSCUMUS DONTREBUILDUS THIS SPECIES IS THE FIRST TO STAND ERECT BECAUSE IT CAN'T SIT DOWN AFTER HAVING THE WOODEN SPOON SHOVED UP IT'S ARSE ALL NIGHT LONG BY COLLINGWOOD SUPPORTERS!

PAYING TRIBUTE TO FOOTY'S HARD MEN

The Incredible Hulk

"A chest bigger than Anna Nicole-Smith's, leg's that would make tree trunks jealous, and arms thicker than a Brazilian anaconda" – that's how a Collingwood talent scout described Rene Kink in 1973.

SIZE

If you think Jakovich and Koutifides are big guys, well think again. If you still think they're big guys there's little I'm going to pen here to change your mind. Except to say that Kink was probably bigger. How big?

He was so big that:

- they used to name him at centre half forward and centre half back.
- when he ran through the banner first, there was no paper left for the rest of the team to rip.
- six opponents could push him in the back simultaneously and it still wouldn't get spotted by the umpire
- he had 12 more stripes on his guernsey than any other Magpie in league history
- he had to get his own postcode
- etc., etc.

While the 1979 Collingwood yearbook lists him at 90.5 kilos, if we factor in the standard margin for error in such publications, we realise Kink's playing weight was in fact around 100.5 kilograms. That's Josh Fraser dripping wet with rocks in his shorts or not quite a pre-season Pebbles if you prefer.

NOTORIETY

"Kinky" used his bulk strategically in a manner reminiscent of a lazy Jarrod Molloy. He had a pack-busting frame and loved a high mark.

Unfortunately Rene was blessed with bulk and talent from a very early age and still in the prime of his youth he lost form, lost interest and the Pies gave him the boot.

His halcyon days were under Hafey in the stretch between 1977 and 1980 when he usually only missed the few games a year when he was suspended.

Kink was a bit of a punchy young tear away when he could be arsed. If the charging rule had of been around in those days Kink would have struggled to string a couple of games together.

His most notorious moment was nothing to do with a stray elbow however. In the first quarter of the 1979 Grand Final, Kink caught the umpire's attention when a bit of stray phlegm skipped off his lip and got Alex Jesaulenko all wet in the face.

Unluckily it didn't blind him nor bring him down with a virus. Unfortunately, as history now has it, legendary 34-year-old bloody Jezza wiped the goobies out of his eyes and moustache and got to hoist aloft the premiership cup at the end of the game.



Fat bastard, wasn't he?

Thousands of Collingwood supporters silly enough to still be viewing TV screens and see this were overcome by a similar strange phlegmy episode (which made them feel good at the time but meant that they had to go and fetch the Windex and a Superwipe later).

NICKNAMES

Kink was universally known as "The Incredible Hulk". His body bulged all over the place. But not, it must be said, in a particularly attractive way. Never was he "The Incredible Hunk".

Despite Kink's vocation as a hairdresser – which was fuel for many a cutting taunt from opposition supporters – he never managed a decent haircut.

He championed the mid-length, layered bob for most of his career which was said to be a perfect intersection between Ace Frehley's hairdo and that of the big haired chick from "Dallas".

Unkindly, although accurately, later in Kink's ill-fated career – when he picked up injuries and couldn't make it to the gym – he was ingeniously dubbed "The Incredible Bulk". A name that drew attention to his ballooning playing weight.

LATER ON

The 1979 year book cites his most admired sportsman as Arnold Schwarzenegger, but Kink was obviously not following Arnie's Mr Universe diet. The selectors kept picking Kink but John Cahill got sick of him humping his lard arse around centre half forward and eventually sold him to Essendon.

Dean Rioli no doubt wishes Kink was still at Essendon to take some of the heat off him. But Kink only lasted long enough in the seniors at Essendon to play in their 1983 losing Grand Final team.

After that he was forced to seek counselling – and it wasn't for anger management like the real Incredible Hulk. His healthy ego was finally buckling under the burden of six Grand Final defeats in 11 years.



Rene models a proposed Collingwood away strip of the late '70s.

Kink began to think he had a hex put on him that was far more damaging than the one Bill Bixby had to deal with. After all it only cost him a few ripped shirts and a bit of embarrassment.

Kink became convinced of the curse when injuries in 1984 and 1985 kept him out of the Bombers back-to-back Premiership sides.

Kink was a young prodigy and popular club icon that lost his way a bit like Murray "The Rock" Weidemann – check Hot Pies back issues – before him. Except Kink didn't take up wrestling after footy.

He went back to rinsing.



• HOT PIES •
UNOFFICIAL CFC
FANZINE •

Peter 'Lobey' Moore

It's a numbers game

It's not often that something North Melbourne does inspires anyone to do anything other than hurl abuse at them (or to keep a closer eye on their missus when their best mate is around).

But, the recent dedication of Mick Martin wearing his dying father's number 30 jumper made a statement about the importance and influence that players' numbers have on the football world, which didn't go unnoticed by the hierarchy at Victoria Park.

You know what I mean . . . any Pies fan growing up in the late 60's and early 70's will revere Peter McKenna's Number 6 guernsey and in more recent times SuperLegend Peter Daicos made the Number 35 jumper the most idolised symbol in the land.

The Club has occasionally focused on this issue as was seen with the decision to permanently retire Darren Millane's Number 42 to demonstrate respect for the unsurpassable deeds performed by the late great man.

Hot Pies would like to highlight the importance of getting player "branding" right. It recommends sweeping changes to the current system by providing more flexibility with swapping numbers more often based on player styles, skills, performance, looks and personalities.



We all know that players wearing the number 6 have kicked the most goals in VFL/AFL history (thanks for this stat Dennis Cometti – who records this stuff??). Peter McKenna's number 6 was and still is the pinnacle of goalkicking and back in 1976 when the megastar Macka gave it away, the club tried to do the right thing by giving it to up and coming goalkicker Peter McCormack to try to continue the tradition.

Sadly Macka MkII didn't deliver on the promise of a goalkicking machine, but the thought was right. But, this is where we went off the rails. Check out who has worn the great number 6 since – Andy Preston, Grantley Fielke, Tuddy Junior, Patto and Brodie.

No wonder Macka's classic good looks deteriorated so quickly as a result of the stress of seeing his number lose its magical powers.

There is only one thing to do with Number 6 now and that is to give it to Chrissy Tarrant. According to Hotrod bulletin board regular, Annabelle, he's got the boyish good looks to match Macka, and he's got the fast lead and is a goalkicking matchwinner to boot. We are never going to get a perfect match, but Chrissy's the man for the Number 6 job right now.



Next, the magical Number 35 needs attention. It took me six years to come to terms with Presti getting a game, let alone wearing the great 35. I can now admit over the last two years Presti has finally won me over big time, but it's just

not right that he wears 35 and the report also recognises this mistake. The working party acknowledges that no-one will ever come close to the God like status and ability of Daics, but reckons that 35 should be allocated to Neon Leon who has demonstrated magical goalkicking and evasion skills and a cult following worthy of giving him a try at 35.



With Neon moving to 35, Number 1 comes up for grabs. Nathan Buckley, who has almost made number 5 untouchable for the future (save for Ronny Wearmouth's great influence on the number), would be the worthy wearer of Number 1.

We all remember the days when the captain of the greatest club in the land wore number 1 and no man in the history of the club is more deserving of proudly wearing it than our current fearless leader.



Stan the Man Magro made number 3 his own and I'm sorry but the sight of big Richo running around in it is just not doing it for the sub-committee. Scotty Burns is the man for number 3. He's the modern day Stan Magro. He's rough, tough, reliable and hard as nails.

I know for sure had Burnsy been around in the 70's &



80's that the likes of Cassin, Bright, Jezza and all those little Carlton freeloading boundary riders would have had double the headaches (literally speaking).



Peter Moore's number 30 is another etched in greatness. Someone saw the potential of another highflying ruckman/forward back in the mid 80s by allocating it to Charlie Manson – it was worth a try but didn't quite work. Then somehow someone thought it would be a good idea to give it to Sharkey and Kinnear. We now have the perfect heir to the number 30 throne to resurrect its power in Josh Fraser.



Tony Shaw's famous 22 came up virtually the same time as Daics 35. And in a double blow, it was allocated to Jason Wild. How Coach Shaw allowed this to continue during his reign is as much a mystery as his coaching tactics. We have the perfect replacement now with a hard working, in and under, "couldn't kick over a jam tin" left footer, high possession player and Copeland winner in Licker.



Craig Starcevich gave the number 27 a certain flair with his good looks, tanned complexion and long lean Adonis like body (apart from that failed beard attempt in 1991 – sidenote: apparently the image consultant who advised on this change is still in the dole queue today).

Sensibly, the club gave the number 27 to Alex McDonald for a few years, who showed similar attributes and public schoolboy good looks to Starcer.

But at the start of 2001 we had the perfect replacement in Shane Wakelin, but didn't take the opportunity. Time to hand over 27 to the Ken Doll.



The number 15 has had a varied run over the years. Big loping ruckmen Wes Fellowes in the 80's and Bobby Heard in the 70's both wore it with varied success.

Wes had a very slow, robotic or mechanical style and dominated 1986 in number 15 like the Stunner is dominating 2002. Our Stunning Steve McKee shares similar agility as these guys and has the same goofy "the lights are on but no-one's home" looks as Big Bob Heard so is a natural for number 15.

OTHER HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE REPORT

Other recommendations from the report include;

- a straight swap of Lockyer (24 to 26) and Johnson (26 to 24) to reward Tark's "Gavan Brown like courage" and Benny's "Jamie Turner like turnovers".
- Anthony Rocca to take 36 in memory of fellow big enigmatic strong forward Rene Kink and big brother Sav.
- Carl Steinfort to take over the number 41 worn with distinction by fellow bearded buddy, Terry Domburg.
- Scotty Cummings to take number 9 like fellow big barge arse full forward, BT.
- Clokey to change to his dad's 33 and Nick Davis to retain his dad's 19.
- Molloy to take over Banksy's number 12 to restore the tough hard pack breaker image to the number.
- Jimmy Clement to take over Morwood's number 7 to continue its representation of the cool, calm, skilled architect role of the backline.
- Alan Didak to retain 4 given his Hannebery'esque qualities.
- Ben Kinnear to take number 20 to reflect his unique combination of Tony Burgess and Ross Brewer characteristics.
- James Podsiadly to grow a goatie beard, put on a few more kilos and take on number 37 to commemorate the short but sweet stint of Bruce Gonsalves.

Sure this constant number changing might upset the kiddies who might have to change the number on their jumpers more often, but the Club has seen the bigger picture that we must start to pay more attention to restoring the pride of previous players and retaining the image and uniqueness of these individual numbers.

Not only will this satisfy the romantic desires of the nostalgic supporters, but it also provides young up and coming Magpie players to emulate and strive for a famous number of a legend within the club and for the club to reward (or punish) players for their performances

Home Sweet Home

There's life in the old girl yet!

I was recently made aware of the term "Topophilia". No, it's not somebody who has a pathological fear of pizza chains or a desire to be on top of the ladder. It simply means 'the love of a place'.

You may have experienced it yourself whenever you go past Vicky Park on the train, do you find your eyes drawn like a moth to the flame to the black and white stripes on the Sherrin Stand?

When you drive past on Hoddle Street, don't you feel your heart strings tugged as you catch a fleeting glimpse of the Magpie emblem. Does a tear form in the corner of your eye? That's topophilia.

The Collingwood Football Club is moving from Victoria Park to Olympic Park at the end of next year. In so many ways it makes a lot of sense. The facilities are run down and there's only so many pokies you can cram into the Tony Shaw Bar.

While it's nice to move into something shiny and new with state-of-the-art facilities, (even if it is reminiscent of a Casino-come-shopping-centre complex), I ask you what about history, tradition and keeping in touch with your roots (and please, no jokes about Rene Kink's ex-girlfriends).

A large question mark hangs over the future of Victoria Park. The council and the club don't know what they're going to do with it once they move. There is a fear that respect for the past and the significance of the site might be overlooked.

Ask yourself, If this was an Aboriginal sacred site would this issue be approached differently, because with the way Leon Davis and Richard Cole are training at the moment it could soon become one.

Since the club was born, the relationship between COLLINGWOOD and Victoria Park has been indivisible.

It is a special and sacred place.

With property prices the way they are it's possible that the old girl could be torn down and replaced with warehouses so they can be converted into multi-level mezzanine caffe latte lifestyle condominiums.

Eddie has already prepared us for the worst by asking "How many people do you know live in the house they were born in?"

What we heard him saying was something like:

"We're trading in the wife of 110 years and tossing her aside for a younger and sexier bit of fluff with no soul because you can bounce a 20 cent piece off her arse."

If Lou had tossed Edna, he would have run out of material years ago. Sure she's not that flash to limber up on any more, but she's provided years of faithful service and demands respect and some consideration.

Of course things will have to change, however I ask the question, how would you feel if you saw a yuppies poodle take a dump in the pocket where Daics used to snag bananas?

Some people have drawn their last breath screaming their guts out for the Pies at Victoria Park. It's a history and shared experience that belongs to US.

If you take away our birthplace, what do you have 50 and 100 years down the track?

What do you have that's special and quintessentially Collingwood?

Where will our children go to get a taste of what the football culture was like before everything became corporatised and franchised?

If that link between the past and the future is severed who knows the intangible cultural cost of that decision well into the future.

Lets hope that this is a question at the forefront in the minds of the people who are deciding the future of our birthplace, Victoria Park.

Johnny T

Regular columnist and well-know rabble rouser, **The Woody**, puts his twenty cents worth into the debate.

And will the new bird put out?

Exciting times for the Pies. Just in case all the HIH HOO-HA caused you to miss the news - the Pies are leaving Victoria Park, for good.

Eddie recently announced that from season 2004 onward the Club's training and administration would be at a redeveloped Olympic Park.

This comes on top of the promised Magpie wonderland in the MCG's new Northern Stand due in 2006. These are the final pieces of a puzzle representing the biggest off-field changes in Collingwood's history.

Collingwood used to mean Victoria Park. We played all our home games there. We trained there. We socialised there. We ran the Club from there. It was home... a Club.

Then, sometime during the 90s, just like our playing performances, it all disappeared. Ground rationalisation forced our home games to the MCG. A decade of inept management and lack of creativity then left us with a deserted social club and a collapsing stadium.

But the future is now bright. The challenge for Eddie and the gang is to take the shiny new pieces of the puzzle and make one terrific Club. And the pieces are:

- Playing home ground = MCG
- 18,000 seats for home and away games in the new Northern Stand
- New social club rooms for home and away games in the new Northern Stand
- State of the art training and administration facilities at Olympic Park
- Hall of Fame at Olympic Park
- Historic site at Victoria Park

Eddie says the new state of the art training facilities (including swimming pool!) at Olympic Park will be a significant improvement on the current facilities.

So, can Eddie combine these pieces into one formidable Club? Or will we merely have a renovated version of the soul-less, physically disjointed Club we now have?

Just how attractive will a Collingwood membership be in 2006?

The challenges are many. The Club has to deliver physically on the numerous promises made during the last few years.

These include:

- What lasting memorial should be established at Victoria Park to salute over 100 years of history?
- Will we definitely have our own 18,000 seat section of the Northern Stand for both home and away games?
- Do we have the right to establish a permanent social club within the new Northern Stand or will it be a temporary set up like we have now?
- What will the Hall of Fame contain?

Looks good on paper doesn't it? But then part of my scarred Magpie psyche says historically we've over promised and significantly under-delivered.

But not this time!

So put your thinking beanies on. How can we put this puzzle together? Send your ideas to Hot Pies. Send them to the Club. Sprout them at the AGM.

All of this could be so good. As Eddie has said, it should make Collingwood the envy of other clubs.

What do you want your Club to be?



Codswallop

It's not whingeing, it's serious and legitimate public commentary

CHANNEL NINE'S CAMERAWORK

Call me a stickler, call me picky, call me what you want but by jiminy my tv set is in mortal danger every time I watch a Channel Nine broadcast.

The Lettucehead that is in charge of production down there, the same idiot that came out at the start of the year and boasted that Nine would deliver a better broadcast in its first year than Seven had fine-tuned in 40 years, the same imbecile that promised that Nine would revolutionise football broadcasting by using 27 hundred cameras (what's the bet this guy is bald and drives a Porsche?), has obviously got no idea what is going on.

Where did they recruit him from? Is he the ex-floor manager of Humphrey or something? Or is he some production know-it-all bum-sniffer from Sydney?

Aussie Rules is a quick game played on an enormous field where dudes can change the course of action by 60 metres in an instant.

It's played with a ball that, after travelling those great distances has the ability to bounce 20 metres in any direction it so desires.

It has relatively innocuous one-on-one battles that can in a millisecond turn into a Lollapalooza-like moshpit. It has single storey contests that rise up into skyscrapers and then in the next instant look like ground zero.

The point of all these bleedingly-obvious statements, I hear you ask? The point is, the point is, that all these close-ups, ground level, reverse angle and behind the goal shots do nothing for the game.

Now I've murdered a few zillion brain cells in my time but I'm no moron. But all this amateurish-afternoon-kids-tv cut-edit style of presenting football is complete and utter bollocks. It doesn't look good, it's far from 'creative', it shows a complete lack of understanding of the movement of the game and most importantly it doesn't ADD anything to the broadcast.

Think of some of your favourite moments in footy. The memory you have of them is probably now represented by a tv replay image, not necessarily from where you sat

at that particular game. It's a bit like people's earliest memories represented by a greying photo.

Me, I think of Manassa's run in '77 or Stanley's ironing out of Jezza. Now think of the way they were captured on film.

In the latter you saw both players approaching from different sides of your tv screen and meeting in the middle. Boom, crash, stretcher. One shot. One camera. Beautiful.

With Manassa's run it was one wide shot of him gliding down the member's wing, full panorama, full perspective, full appreciation of where he was, how far he had carried the ball and what was approaching.

Mid-range close up, ball tucked under his arm, sells the dummy, side-steps (I've getting the horn), cut back to long range shot to follow him into goal to again be able to see what's in front of him. Bang, goal. Back to close-up to see how knackered he is. Now that is friggin art.

None of this: "Cut to close-up" bullshit just before somebody is about to take a big grab. Now this aint purely Channel Nine bashing. Seven had been up to the same tricks for several years. But how can you tell how big the speccie is if you can't see the feet of the players. And how is the brain meant to compute the change of angle a microsecond before the culmination of the big event. Speccie Interruptus, I call it.

The same thing applies to all these ground level close-ups - I personally don't care how many nostril hairs Tarkyn has or whether Heath wears his socks up and down. I want to know how far they are from goal, whether their clear or hot. I want to see Pebbles lay a big off-the-ball shepherd.

Irrespective of all these things, the ball usually moves too fast for these ground level hand-held cameramen and by the time you get another camera switch - bang, you're lost again.

I say, get the basics right Lettucehead and take your time. Filming aussie rules aint easy so keep it simple, use the panorama shot and stop bloody mucking around.



What's with the banana?

Oh my God, I've gotta tell you all about this terrible nightmare I had.

It was about the Footy Show and King Eddie was rambling on about some AFL footballer who is now into modelling and how he and the missus (also model) would be making a guest appearance on the show.

Anyway, as Eddie begins the introduction of this 'modelling couple', I'm dreaming it must be Crawford, Hay, Dixon, whoever, - but in any case it is bound to be some Hawthorn wanker ... then Brodie Holland walks out with his other half.

SPEWING

I awoke quickly and immediately started to dry retch, breaking into a fever. My temperature rocketed towards 40 degrees.

After eventually falling to sleep again, I started to have visions of Mike Richardson giving Brodie a motivational talk on the importance of making the ultimate sacrifice, and putting in the long hours at the solarium during the cold dark days of frostbitten winters.

All this while other footballers spend endless hours of fun, tackling running and kicking on sunbathed, balmy (sic) Melbourne morns.

Just as I was beginning to question Brodie's life

priorities in this dream, my concerns were quickly put to rest when it became clear Brodie's personal life was filled with people who had nothing but the utmost support for his pursuit of football glory.

This was most evident in his girlfriend who admitted to having seen him play once, when she popped in for a quarter of a game. Unfortunately, he was on the bench, so she decided to leave.

Falling in and out of consciousness, I lay shaking with an acute case of the death tremors and a cold sweat, when Eddie introduces Michael Roberts to the stage. The lemon dropped Michael proceeds to show Brodie the full range of Sale of the Century hand waving techniques, like the Dalai Lama passing on secret wisdoms to a student monk.

NEPALESE DOG COLLAR

Brodie (in his stylish Nepalese dog collar) smiles in an almost condescending manner as if Windsor Smith is Milan and Sale of the Century is Dimmeys.

Anyway, while I'm starting to hope old Brodes has a contact number for Jimmy Turd's cosmetic surgeon, Michael Roberts continues to discuss the bounty that existed upon his head as a footballing model.

At this point in time, Brodie's expression changes quicker than the right turning arrow at the corner of Swanston and Flinders.

In a frighteningly comical way, it appeared as if this hadn't crossed his mind before coming onto the highest rating football show in the land.

TAKING THE PISS

In wrapping up, my lasting memory of this awful, awful dream was Brodie remaining on the set after numerous ad breaks, almost as if he was having the piss taken out of him but not knowing it. I think his contribution of 'yeah, nah, yeah, met her in a nightclub, nah, yeah, nah' may have exacerbated this.

Anyway, on awakening, I quickly realised that this is 2002 - a season in which Collingwood is a magnificent, tough and uncompromising machine, with a perfect blend of youth, experience and singlemindedness to the task at hand - a club now known for its model footballers not footballer models. Shit, somebody pinch me!

by Ramon Dobb





BUCKS: FORM SLUMP EXPLAINED!

Over recent months football analysts around the world have pondered the reasons behind Nathan Buckley's mid-season form slump, but only Hot Pies has the answers.

Like most people, we here at Hot Pies are choc' full of anticipation over the impending nuptials between Nathan and Tania. But as the joyous union draws closer the pressures are beginning to show on our gallant leader. Details surrounding the big day are highly confidential, but one thing is for sure. It's destined to be the biggest event in the Melbourne socialite calendar this year.

But has Bucks bitten off more than he can chew?

As any man who has been through the process can attest, 'chics can drive you crazy when they're planning a wedding'.

The pressure and attention that Bucks gets on the field will be nothing compared to the scrutiny he is sure to receive if the big day ends in disaster.

It is a well known fact that when women feel secure in a relationship they put out less often. Is this happening? Is this the real source behind Bucks frustrations of recent times? Frustrations which have spilled out onto the field and created media headlines

The impact of the marriage machinations is not confined to Nathan. Speculation surrounding the whole production is tearing the club apart at the seams. Will Eddie be best man? Will Tarkyn be the page boy? Will Richo get an invite? These are just some of the BIG questions overheard at a secret training session recently. Only Hot Pies has the scoop pictures.



Trouble in paradise!

Is it true cumberbunds will be compulsory?

Yes, and piss off!



Have you found a stripper for Bucks' Buck's night?

Not sure. Do you think Caro would put on a decent show?



Noses out of joint!

If I don't get invited I'll have my own wedding!

Yeah! And it'll be 10 times better than his could ever be!



He must have written my address down wrong!



Hearts broken!



The Magpie Army gets up for it

Being a Pie fan can bring all sorts of benefits to one's life. Barracking for the greatest football team on this planet is the most obvious. Becoming a part of the vast Magpie Army, sharing in the rich tapestry of the Club, its culture and its glorious history are other clear benefits.

The disadvantages of being Black and White are somewhat less clear. It all depends on the way you look at things – one-eyed, through rose-tinted glasses (or beer goggles) or the half-full/half-empty argument.

Aspects of life such as all non-Collingwood supporters hating you. Sounds negative, but is really something we revel in.

And the fact that nothing is ever written about us in the press.

Yet another is the planning that is involved in going to a match. Being a part of the Magpie Army means that you are nearly always assured of a bumper-sized crowd.

In the days of Windy Hill, Moorabbin, Arden Street, Princes Park and the hallowed arena that is Victoria Park, getting in to the ground was always a nightmare.

(I have a few mates that used to be Bluecoats at Vicky

Park and they used to make a killing out of accepting bribes from opposition supporters trying to get in to Vicky Park after a lock-out had been declared.)

A NEW HOME

Now that the G is our home things are a little less difficult but even a crowd of 55,000, such as against Hawthorn, means that if you turn up late or without a reserved seat you're heading for the clouds.



It's been interesting this year with overall crowd sizes down. The AFL have blamed other powerhouse teams such as Carlton and Richmond for being at the bottom and now stats are showing that Essendon supporters aren't showing up for away games either.

Carlton have been getting crowds of 14,000 – half of their paid-up membership

base – to Princes Park. Richmond v Essendon (Richmond home game, Knights' last game, Essendon assured of a much-needed victory for their finals' aspirations) only got 39,000.

WHAT IS THEIR PROBLEM?

Carlton won a flag seven years ago, got into a Granny in '99 and made it to the Semis last year. Those stats are flattering because they have been pretty hopeless for a few years but can anybody reading this imagine

only 14,000 Pie supporters turning up for any sort of game? Has it ever happened?

Richmond have been extremely hopeless for 20 years but in '95 and last year they got big crowds when the club was doing well. Everybody knows Tiger fans are the biggest woodworkers going around but it is still no excuse for not turning up this year.

Once again, can anybody imagine only 39,000 turning up for Richo's retirement game even if we were playing Freo, let alone the Bombers?

But most significantly, what is the Bombers' fans problem? The greatest-team-ever horse dung and a flag to go with it was less than two years ago and now look at their crowds. And now that their form is only average their fans have disappeared.

I pity all those impressionable kids (obviously with amoral parents who have no discipline regime) who adopted the Bombers over the last few years and are now faced with the reality that their comrades in the stands have gone AWOL.

Let's face it, Collingwood crowds are up this year significantly and they were up last year as well. And in '99 they were a bit down, but even against the interstate sides we were getting crowds in the low 30's.

Every club has their woodworkers and in proportion they're OK, we can accept that. But the increase in crowds can be attributed to a number of factors. Yes, there are more Collingwood fans going to games but in '99 nobody hated us as much.

Now that we are becoming stronger opposition fans are

starting to hate us again and they come to watch us and abuse us and hope that they might be able to beat us. And the footy tourists come to see us stoush with the Bombers on ANZAC Day and other blockbusters.

But the Magpie Army is always stronger. You can feel it. You can taste it. You can sense the way it feeds on itself and grows.

You hear stories of guys hiding satday arvo wedding invitations from their chicks and regretfully declining the invite.

You hear tales of chicks cancelling girls' nights out to head to the G on a Friday night to be with their true sisters, the Floreat Pica Sorority.

You also notice that there aren't as many freaks that there were in '99. You know the ones that used to sit on their own with pained faces and strained voices. The ones that could never bear to miss a game no matter what other people might consider to be something better to do while the Pies are playing.

But now the hard core have their families and mates back with them – Side-by-Side, as we say.

So when you ponder the difficulty of getting a car-park or being jam-packed in the back row of the Southern Stand or hoping that they'll open the Member's deck of the Ponsford so you can breathe, ponder this:

Would you want to be anywhere else or with any other group of people right at that particular moment in time?

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J.C. Superstar

When the on-field Collingwood army go to war each week it's usually the big guns that are seen to do all the damage.

Names like Bucks, Tarks, Leon and Pebbles usually spark the attention and excitement of the increasingly vocal Magpie throng.

However football wars are not won with heavy artillery alone, a fleet of dedicated footsoldiers are the people who are really responsible for any successful campaign.

The difference with the Pies these days is the quality and consistency of these often overlooked servants of the club. Among this crucial bracket of contributors is our own J.C., James Clement.

When Mick first came to the club he wanted to bring a few quality yet overlooked players from the West. He placed his faith in J.C. and his prayers were answered.

Able to take on virtually any opponent, his presence in the team is reassuring. He is often given the big jobs and the least you can always expect from Jimmy is a solid effort

A classic example of J.C. at his most divine is his record on renown pouter and media darling James Hird. Not only does Clement eliminate Hird from the equation with his disciplined negating skills, but he offers you something on the way back. His long, attacking kicking has more penetration than Ron Jeremy on Viagra.

To play on and beat some of the biggest names in the competition you need to have a strong mental constitution. To apply yourself completely and utterly to every minute of the contest. This is J.C.'s bread and butter.

But it's not just his brain and reputedly pleasant

demeanour that's got him to where he is now. it's his undeniable physical presence and skill level to boot. It's not easy to find a Collingwood six footer who can run all day, show a turn of speed late in a last quarter, match it with anyone in a physical contest and pinpoint a fifty metre pass off either foot.

When you include him in a bracket of players that also include Burnsie, Licca, Freo, Presti, Clokey and Rupert our rise to the top becomes increasingly self evident.

Even with all their help it's good to know that J.C. is on our side.



Collingwood Connections

Where AFL Stars and Fans meet

Women Seeking Men

Fussy

A change is as good as a holiday, and I am looking for something a little bit different. I have AFL experience and I am looking for a man with all ten fingers. Is there anybody out there who can help?

Dreamchaser

I have a Micky Gayfer obsession and I would love to have my way with Micky, but the 'Blanket' is already occupied, so I will settle for a quality impersonator. Must have legs like Mick, ears like Mick and have similar dimensions to Mick. Fluorescent high cut running shorts a must, however I can supply successful applicant must be a guy I can chase around the bedroom for hours and get all sweaty with. Would prefer the real thing, but will settle for a quality substitute.

Men Seeking Women

Limp

Injured AFL star is looking for some action. Willing to pay a working girl for relief as the Forrest Gump leg brace is scaring off the chicks. Chantelle and Desiree please call again, I'll have the cash up front this time.

Big Baby

who is a real teddy bear at heart. I need someone to sooth



the savage beast I have inside me. I am 6'5", as ugly as sin and often act like a spoilt baby. Looking for any fully grown, hairy, nappy wearing person to play with me in my crib.

Business and Pleasure,

I am a highly successful businessman looking for older ladies. Don't be alarmed if I motivate you to shower me with love and or money. I'm so good it's unbelievable, just ask me I'll tell you. I am looking for someone who can really get to know me, whoever I am this week. Over 70's preferred

Whipping Boy

I have a new toy and it's made of wood. Interested?

The Bigger The...

Do you enjoy quiet nights at home watching Porky's and eating turtle meat. If so call me whilst I'm still in relatively good nic.

Couples

Open minded,

I am a tall half forward who has never been able to keep his hands to himself. I am looking for a club to play with in 2003 that has open minded players and partners who can also keep a secret behind best mates back if need be. Can do all sorts of things with all sort of brushes.

Two Birds,

I am looking for the wellest hung AFL player going around (have heard that Jarrod "The Horse" Molloy stacks up well) to pay back my philandering husband. Help me fulfill my vendetta dreams and I will help you fulfill yours.

Friendly,

I am a 28y.o. country girl who is interested in permaculture, world peace and gang banging. I wanna make the AFL's biggest gang bang 2002 video. If you want to be a part of my WE JUST CAN'T RESIST HIM video call me. No creeps, weirdos or strangers.

Bored,

I am an AFL player who can't get a game anymore and has too much time on his hands I seek the company of other swinging AFL couples experiencing similar problems Would like to wine, dine and partner swap. M/F, M/M, F/F will do just about anything to get another crack at it.

Dear rampant, hard-core, magpie living
and breathing freak,

Told ya so, Told ya so, Told ya so, Told ya so, Told ya
so, Told ya so, Told ya so, Told ya so, Told ya so, Told
ya so, Told ya so, Told ya so, Told ya so, Told ya so,
Told ya so, Told ya so, Told ya so, Told ya so, Told ya
so, Told ya so, Told ya so, Told ya so, Told ya so, Told
ya so, Told ya so, Told ya so, Told ya so, Told ya so,
Na, na, nana, na. So there!

Hindenberg has been the icing on the cake of an excellent season for all Magpie fans.

A lot of our boys they will be losing their AFL finals virginity this September. As a frame of reference I can only compare it to when I got off my 'V' plates. Looking back at the experience you can expect to see a bit of fumbling, but I can't see why our boys can't follow in my example and go all the way.

When the "V" plates get cast aside one thing is guaranteed, the flirting is over and the real stuff is set to begin. It is within the realms of very reasonable possibility that we can go all the way this year. All we can do is sit back and watch it happen. And to think people laughed when we had our scarves blessed.

Who's laughing now!

That can be the only reason the suits at Southbank are pulling the pin on the best footy show on radio.

Hot Pies co-editor Johnny Taranto can be heard most Saturday mornings as the *Collingwood Coach In The Outer*

'When Saturday Comes'
Saturdays 10am-Noon
774am ABC Radio

A new channel's coming to Cable TV – the first joint venture by the Cable Giants. But don't despair if you don't have cable. I've been informed that the channel will move to free-to-air network television before the end of August. Here, take a look:

- | | | | |
|-------|--|-------|---|
| 6:00 | I dream of Eddie - Bedlam and hilarity ensue when an astronaut finds a genie named Eddie on a deserted beach. | 7:00 | Everybody Loves Edward - Comedy. Robert asks Eddie to get him on TV with disastrous consequences. |
| 8:00 | Edrobics - Oz Style! - Morning Edercise, Ed style! | 7:30 | Friends - "The One With Joey's New Roommate" - Joey feels intimidated by his new roommate, Eddie McGuire. |
| 10:00 | The Ed from Snowy River - Australian Drama. Ed's prized buck and stallion is abducted and he must fight evil kidnappers to get them back. | 8:30 | Broadmeadowsville - We all know the story of adult superhero Eddie, but see what it was like when he was growing up in small-town Broadmeadowsville. Tonight, Lex Luthor steals the 1990 Premiership Flag and Eddie races time and Arab terrorists to retrieve it for his first exclusive for the town newspaper. |
| 11:00 | Eddie's Believe It Or Not - Eddie presents tales of the bizarre and unbelievable. In this episode he presents the incredible tale of a Richmond coach who's almost served three years! | 9:30 | The Eddie Files - More investigations into the paranormal as Agents' Mulder and Scully delve into another case from The Eddie Files. Tonight, they investigate the bizarre as they examine a TV Show Eddie isn't on. |
| 12:00 | Ed - Drama. Ed gives up hectic city-life and goes home to the small town where he was raised to run a bowling alley and the local football club. Today, Ed's sure he can improve the local football club if the townspeople let him pursue an experienced coach. | 10:30 | The West Wing - Political intrigue from the west wing of the McHale Glasshouse. President McGuire must deal with a dissatisfied extremist calling for the canonization of Mark Richardson. |
| 1:00 | Judge Eddie - Judge Eddie holds court as presiding judge, jury, and educationer. The people are real, the cases are real, and the rulings are binding. Today Eddie hears a case of a former football legend who tried to pass himself off as a senior coach. | 11:30 | Edertainment Tonight - All the news and gossip about what Ed's doing. |
| 1:30 | Beauty & the Ed - Join Ed and his "Beauties" for a fiery discussion or two! Today, do we watch enough TV? | 12:00 | Temptation Edland - Welcome to Temptation Edland where love is the game and heartbreak could be the prize as six couples try to resist the charm and magnetism of Ed. |
| 2:30 | Young & the Edless - Ed's shocked to discover that the woman he was about to marry is actually a clone of himself masquerading in a dress. | 1:00 | Eddie the Vampire Slayer - Eddie and the gang continue to fight evil and the undead in Collingdale. Eddie fights the lecherous blood-sucking Commies as they seek to suck the life out of Collingdale. |
| 3:30 | Days of our Ed - Like sands through the hourglass, so are the Eds of our lives. The Eds of Salem are shocked by the arrival of another Ed, who they thought lost. | 2:00 | MOVIE: Planet of the Eddies - Astronauts crash-land on a planet to find it populated by Eddies, only to realize it's Earth of the future as they discover the Statueque Ed of Liberty. |
| 4:30 | The Fresh Ed of Bel-Air - Comedy and mayhem when a boy from the wrong side of Broadmeadows moves in with his rich relatives in Bel-Air. | 4:00 | Lois & Ed: The New Adventures of Superman - Ed and Lois are horrified when the people of Edtropolis find out Ed's identity as Superman. |
| 5:00 | Some Mothers Do 'Ave Em - Comedy, involving the adventures and misadventures of Eddie! | 5:00 | Chicago Ed - Hospital Drama. Ed must perform neurosurgery on himself after an eddieemic lays the rest of staff low.m2 |
| 5:30 | Wheel of Ed - Game show. Win money and prizes with Ed and his Wheel. | | |
| 6:30 | A Current Affair - With new host Eddie McGuire. Tonight, Eddie interviews the President of the Collingwood Football Club, and then a profile on the host of "Who Wants to be a Millionaire?" | | |

Collingwood Catch-Phrase

O.K. folks

you know the drill, it's just like the 'Catch Phrase' game show with **Baby John Burgess**.

Take a look at the picture on the right.

There are two key objects involved.

Put the two objects together to form a common 'catch phrase' which means, 'A person who seeks to



Scotland's Loch-Ness Monster

It's a mystery that's baffled paranormal scientists for years. Does Scotland have a "Loch Ness monster", or is it all just a myth?

Get your detective bag out kids and find where the monster lurks.

Look at these three pictures and see if you can find Scotland's most talked about tourist attraction.

Can you see the monster's head, eye or trunk?

1.



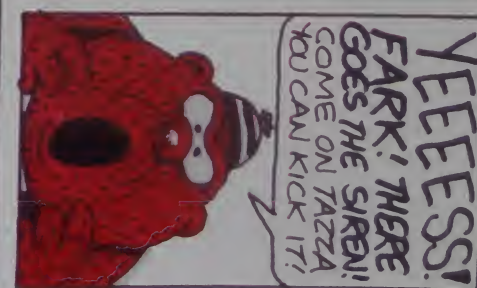
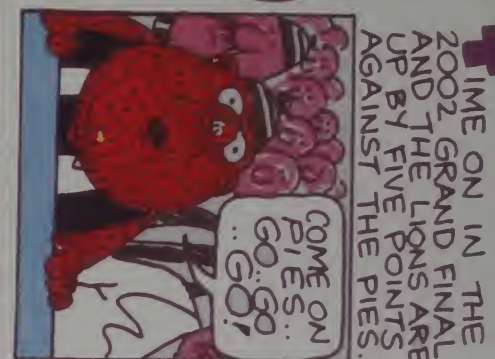
2.



3.



4.



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